

Sylvia's Complaint

O F

Her Sexes Unhappiness.

A

P O E M.

Being the Second Part of

Sylvia's Revenge;

O R, A

Satyr against Man.

To which is Added

The Emulation, a Pindarique ODE.

The Third Edition.

LONDON, Printed for Robert Battersby at Staple-Inn
Gate, near the Barrs, in Holbourn. 1698.

Sylvia's Complaint

ADVERTISEMENTS

Sylvia's Revenge, or a Satyr against Man,
in Answer to the Satyr against Woman.

Samson, or, The Unhappy Lover. A Poem.

Both Printed for Robert Battersby, at Staple-Inn-
Gate, near the Barrs in Holbourn.

A R O

Satyr against Man

To which is Added

The Emulation, a Pindarick Ode.

LONDON, Printed for Robert Battersby, at Staple-Inn-
Gate, near the Barrs, in Holbourn.

THE PREFACE.

The General acceptance which Sylvia's Revenge found amongst all sorts of Readers, encouraged the Author to write a Second Part, which tho' wrote after another manner, is equally as much of Satyr in it as the first.

Sylvia is for continuing the Old Quarrel between the Houses of York and Lancaster; the Cannons are mounted, and the ladders drawn down, and she seems to be Deaf to any terms of capitulation; but 'tis hoped Matters may come to some accommodations in time, and the White Flag be hung out, such Articles agreed upon as it shall be hard to determine which Party is the Victorious.

If there be any soft and tender Lines in the following Essay, must be ascrib'd to the warmth of Sylvia's Passion; but there are others which carry Thunder and Lightning along with them, they must be own'd to proceed from that stern, the poor Creature has for her Injur'd Sex; for all know that in the matter of Love and Revenge, Words are Inimitable.

But

The Preface.

But why Sylvias Complaint? and why not Sylvia's Complaint? Is the Feminine Government so fixed that it fears neither open Assaults nor secret Underminings? Are there grievances to be redrest, no incroachments upon their Liberties? no Violation of their Priviledges? If such things are, who more fit to represent 'em than a Woman? especially one who can speak feelingly of 'em; for when a Woman finds the glittering Title of a Mistress is only made use of to Decoy her to anothers Will, her Blood must creep very slow in her Veins, who has not some resentments of the Matter, and it has ever been the Civility of all Nations to give the injured party leave to speak.

If Sylvia has the Approbation of the Ladies, she Values not the Censures of the Men, she being her Sexes Champion, and will Defend their Cause against the Pen of any Daring He, whatsoever.

*It is resolv'd, she will write on and try,
The Wit and Courage of the Enemy;
Her Sexes Cause she'll Nobly carry on,
'Gainst the bold Satyr, and the sly Lampoon,
Until there shall not be a Scribbling Fop,
That Dares pretend to take the Cudgells up.*

Sylvia

(1)

Silvia's Complaint OF HER Sexes Unhappiness.

POEM.

Being the Second Part of *Silvia's Revenge*, or a Sa-
tyr against Man.

T Was in JULY, one glorious Afternoon,
When to avoid the scorching Heat o'th' Sun,
To a thick Grove, compos'd of Beech and Oak,
(A place where Poets oft their Muse invoke.)
went alone, but fearing lest I shou'd
Be thoughtful in so dark a Solitude,

B

To

To Charm the seeming horror of the place,
 I brought with me the Works of *Hudibras*,
 ----- (Diverting *Anahor*, in whose ev'ry line
 Exalted Wit, and weighty Judgment shine.)
 Each Page with mighty pleasure I perus'd,
 But as I o're his Charming Numbers mus'd,
Methought I heard a strange Confused Noise,
 Of Sighs and Groans, which seem'd of *Female Voice*;
Amaz'd I listn'd, and without a pause
 Resolv'd by curious search to find the Cause;
 The *Eccho* was my Guide, which quickly brought
 Me to the place to find out what I sought;
 In the most private part of all the Grove,
 By Nature fram'd for *Solitude* and *Love*;
 To my Amazement and Surprise I found,
 In Melancholly posture on the Ground,
 A *Fair* and *Young*, but pensive *Virgin* laid,
 She was (or at the least she seem'd) a *Maid*:
 Her Habit *Rich*, but Careless in her Dress,
 Which best the Sorrow of the Thoughts exprest;
 Tears from her Eyes like *liquid Pearls* distill,
 A sight would Savages with pity fill;
 Thrice gently on her *Breast*, her hand she struck,
 And mixt with Sighs, these following words she spoke:

Ah me! to what Misfortunes am I born?
 With *Grief* oppress'd, *disconsolate* forlorn;

Fate

Fate of our Sex has sure no proper care,
 But *Heaven* and *Earth* 'gainst us proclaim a *War*;
 We have no *Weapons* for our own *Defence*,
 But that slight *Armour* call'd our *Innocence*,
 Weak in it self altho' it seem so strong,
 For 'tis not proof against a *slandrous Tongue*,
Envy can blast it with it's *poysinous Breath*,
 And *Malice* torture it almost to *Death*:
 Shou'd I within any thoughts but take a *veiw*
 Of all those *Ills* our wretched *Sex* pursue,
 From *Infancy* till *Aged* we become,
 The *Number* would amount to such a *Sum*;
 My *Thoughts* would sinck beneath the *pondrous weight*,
 Those *Ills* I do not mean which *angry Fate*
 In measure from it's *Wrathful Vials* pours,
 Upon the *other Sex* as well as *Ours*;
 But those *peculiar Mischeifs* which perplex,
 Torment and Torture our *Unhappy Sex*.

But since I dare not the full *Prospect veiw*,
 At least I'll take some notice of a few;
 As *Wounds* unsearcht may fester, so my *Greif*,
 Unless related, cannot find releif.
 I'll tell my *Sorrows* to the *Woods* and *Trees*,
 While ----- *Eccho* with my *Sighs* shall *Sympathize*,

Of all the *Engines* which the *Feinds of Hell*
 Did unto *Men* our *Deadly Foes* reveale.

To ruin and undo us, none there are
 That may i'th least with *Flattery* compare;
 No sort of *Speech* requires so nice a touch,
 And nothing else can ruin half so much:
 For one who has by other Arts been won,
 Ten thousand have by *flat'ry* been undone;
 For like White Gunpowder it makes no noise,
 Yet sure as Death, it certainly Destroys;
 This *Poyson* they into our Ears Distill,
 E're we the Difference know 'twixt Good and Ill.
 And we some kind of Tendernefs must owe
 To one who praises and commends us so:
 When grown to *Riper Years*, that Womans Breast
 Must be with more than Common Vertue blest.
 Who can secure the out-works of her Heart,
 'Gainst *Flat'ries* secret undermining Art.
 Like pleasant *Musick* it invades our Ears,
 Our Reason blinds, and charms our greatest Fears,
 Disarms our Courage and we tamely yield,
 To Men in Arts of fine *Dissembling* skill'd,
 Who all their Study and their Pains Employ,
 To Bring *Unthinking* Us to Guilty Joy.

So I have seen a Maid, Young, Fair, and Chast,
 By chance, or else by kind Appointment plac'd,
 Close by the side of a *Dissembling Youth*,
 (Sworn Enemy to Constancy and Truth.)

With

With awful Distance is his first Adress,
 Fearing least rudely on her Charms he press;
 Till more familiar grown the Spark at last,
 Encircles with one Arm her slender Waste,
 While t'other hand is honoured with the Bliss,
 To grasp her soft Hand, or her softer Knees.
 His Eyes, which are the windows of his Soul,
 With soft and languishing Desires are full;
 Each glance of them Speaks more a Lovers sense,
 Than all the Raptures of Lip-Eloquence;
 Some little time by these Dumb Signs he speaks,
 Till with fain'd Sighs he thus his Silence Breaks.

*Ah Madam! 'tis impossible to tell,
 The Racks and Tortures which I hourly feel;
 Almighty Love--- Whom long I did, long out-brave,
 As to his Chariot chain'd me as a Slave:
 Ten thousand Beauties with their Charming Powers,
 E're mov'd my Heart, until surpriz'd by Yours;
 Yours with one Glance did stubborn me subdue,
 The Chains I wear are all put on by You.
 O Charming fair! Shall I not entertain
 The Glim'ring Hopes, I shall not sigh in Vain?
 Must I for ever these sharp Pains endure?
 The Eyes that caus'd the Wound can give the Cure;
 And me but hope, that Dawning of Success,
 And I shall have foretaste of Happiness:*

For Heaven's sake, Madam, lay a side that Frown,
 Your Beauty has unhappy me undone;
 Let not your anger still more wretched make
 The Man who dies a Martyr for your Sake.
 Will you? ---- Then Leans his head upon her Breast,
 While frequent Sighs and Kisses speak the rest.

Who'd think such fulsom Stuff as this could kill,
 But ev'ry Days Experience says it will;
 Witness the truth of this each silly Maid,
 Who is by such like Practises betray'd,
 Like our great Grandame Eve, we all suppose,
 No treachry under fair Pretences grows,
 Her Longing too in us has taken root,
 We ne're should else Disre forbidden Fruit;
 No Force need doubt, that stubborn Town to win,
 While Cannons play without, has Friends within;
 One Pitying Thought in Virgins Bosom may
 Sooner her Honour and her Fame betray,
 Then Thousand Empty complemental strains,
 Meer Words of course, and froth of Empty Brains.
 Farewel her Vertue when Compassions move,
 For she that pittys, quickly learns to Love.

Could we see Lust through all it's strange disguise
 And veiw not what it seems, but what it is;
 With greater Horrour we the Feind should shun
 Then Divels, when they from Holy Water Run.

et Love or Passion be the fond pretence,
 is Lust is still the *Mythologicall Sense*;
 ut Men so Artfully disguise their Passion,
 and call their vilest Lewdness Inclination,
 ke Fishes greedily the Bait we swallow,
 ot dreaming of the Ills will after follow.

The three Conditions of the Female Life,
 e *Virgin*, *Widdow*, or 'fore that, a *Wife*,
 each of which Inexorable Stars,
 ve order'd such a weighty Load of Cares:
 far out-ballancing our short liv'd Joys,
 e pleasure ev'n of *Living* it destroys.

When we are *Maids*, and in our *Virgin* bloom,
 hole Troops of fond expecting *Rivals* come;
 d each by *Flattery*, which they call *Praise*,
 our *Opinions* strives himself to raise.
 y, they who languish with a modest Fire,
 ho' they dare not speak, yet will admire;
 is, but too oft our *Vanity* does Swell,
 see Men Languish, Sigh, Adore and Kneel;
 hen all this *Mighty Complement* is done,
 t for our Sakes, but chiefly for their own;
 thousand various Arts they strive to please,
 we are call'd their *Charming Mistresses*,
 atment and *Balls* for us are Daily made,
 must we want the *Nightly Serenade*:

Where

Where under *Sylwia's* or *Corrinna's* Name,
 In Song and Musick they record our Fame :
 Nay, our Devotions cannot be Defence
 Against a Lovers vain Impertinence ;
 For ev'n at Church the *Spark* which comes to Prayer,
 Knows 'tis the smallest business he has there ;
 His Eyes, tho' lifted up to Heav'n for shew,
 Yet through kind Glances to the Womens *Pew*,
 To *Ogle* there he cannot think a Sin,
 Since Holyness and Love are near of Kin ;
 For being inflam'd by Loose and Wanton Fires,
 He makes Devotion *Pimp* to his Desires ;
 No opportunity is lost to try,
 Where we unwary and defenceless lye :
 For when he finds our sleeping Vertue Nodds,
 Then is the time, the fatal time ye Gods.
 He rushes on us with a storm of Love,
 While we the grateful Violence approve ;
 Our Pleasure 'fore our Honour we prefer,
 And with our Arms embrace the Ravisher.
 Think Heav'n is round us, when we try the *Bliss*,
 But while with waking Dreams our selves we please,
 And think each *Rapture* greater than the first,
 The wretch by Heaven, and Earth, and us accurst,
 Leaves us to *chew the Cudd* with sad regret,
 That we like *Phrygians* were but wise too Late.

In Vain, in vain, ye *men of mighty sense*,
 Ye make to Love and Constancy Pretence,
 Early or late you also plainly shew,
 'Tis Monstrous for to Love and yet be true;
 Alike ye all with *flattery* begin,
 To tempt and draw us to the Pleasing Sin;
 Alike ye all forsake us when ye find
 We Love you, and without Reserve, are kind.

If this were all, we might with patience bear,
 And sometimes for our *Vertue* drop a Tear,
 When we believ'd what *foolish* we had done,
 Only to us, and *penjur'd*, ~~you was known~~;
 -----But oh! what *Plagues* does he desire to feel,
 Who Does the *Favours* of the Fair reveal,
 And what in private done, in publick tell;
 Altho' perhaps some little time before,
 To gain his Ends, with horrid Oaths he Swore,
 That open force nor Undermining Art,
 Should never get the secret from his Heart:
 But that more safe hee'd keep it in his Breast,
 Then *State Intreignes*, or *Juggling Arts* of Priest,
 When at next *Tavern* or some *foval* *bout*,
 A Glas of Wine brings all the Secret out.
 Methinks I view him in a Rapture sit,
 And thus Express himself ----- Last Night, last Night,

That happy Night when in the tender Arms,
 Of a Kind She I lay Dissolv'd in Charms;
 Fill me a Bumper, here's her Health, Dear Will,
 Methinks I feel the Killing Transports still:
 What Prince would not his Dignity lay by,
 To be one Night but half so blest as I?
 All Young and Charming may she ever be,
 But ne're be kind to any Man but me.
 He takes great care to see her Health go round,
 With repetitions of the pleasing Sound;
 To the obliging Fair One, tho' unknown,
 Each takes his over-flowing Brimmer down.
 At last one subtle Youth by sly Disguise,
 Desires to know who this kind Goddess is;
 The Spark not wary of the sly Trapan,
 (For Wine no Secret kept, nor ever can;)
 Softly in his Ear relates, without Disguise or Art,
 The whole Intreague in every part;
 Describes her Person, and what Cloaths she wears,
 What Pew she sits in when she goes to Prayers:
 Perhaps reveals her Quality and Name,
 And when he next must quench his am'rous Flame.
 Thus is a Ladies Reputation spoil'd,
 And her good Name is with her Vertue soil'd.

But Men in Wickedness still further go,
 And to their prating Tongues no bounds allow;

Those Women whom with all their Art and Skill,
 They cannot Flatter to their looser Will :
 Finding their Vertue (which *they* call their Pride,)
 Strongly resist the importuning Tide :
 They will at least in Glory have their share,
 And tell the World they have enjoy'd the Fair;
 And tho' they ne're could lure 'em to their Crimes,
 Yet swear they've lain with 'em a hundred times,
 Witness the truth of this each *Sparkish Bean*,
 Who boasts of *Blessings* he did never know,
 Who from our Sex no Favours ever had,
 But those of *Vizor Mask*, or *Chamber-maid* :
 Yet he of *Mistresses* has such a store,
 (That the *Grand Sultans* scarcely e're had more.)
 At Court a few, and they be sure must be,
 Pretended, if not real *Quality* :
 But in the City scarce a Street or Lane,
 Which does not some *obliging She* contain;
 Whose tender Heart was caught, we must confess,
 By's charming Language, but more charming Dress :
Uncorrigible Fopp, whose Impudence
 Alone supplies his mighty want of Sense,
 And doubly wretched *She* whose Heart is slain,
 By such an Ape, or Eccho of a Man.

More Mis'ries still our *wretched Sex* endure,
 And Mis'ries which can ne're admit of cure;
 Nature when first she form'd our Minds took care,
 To place the softest, tenderest *Passions* there.

Hence 'tis, our Thoughts like Tinder, apt to fire,
 Are often caught with loving kind Desire;
 But *Custom* does such rigid Laws impose,
 We must not for our Lives the thing disclose.
 If one of us a lovely Youth has seen,
 And streight some tender Thoughts to feel begin;
 Which *liking* does insensibly improve
 It self to *longing fond impatient Love*.
 The *Damsel* in distress must still remain,
 Tortur'd and wrack'd with the tormenting Pain
 Of *Custom* and *Modesty*, much more severe,
 Strictly forbid our *Passion* to declare.
 If we reveal, then *Decency's* provok't,
 If kept, then we are with the *Secret* choakt;
 Besides, to *Baseness* Men are so ally'd,
 So lifted up with *Vanity* and *Pride*,
 That should a *Maid* with Sighs and Blushes tell,
 The restless Love she does for *Strephon* feel;
 Her sad Distress he would regard no more,
 Than Rich Men do *Petitions* from the Poor:
 Whilst wretched She in vain for Pity sues,
 He leaves her to frequent the *Publick Stews*;
 So slight the Vertue which he should adore,
 To kneel at Feet of Mercenary Whore.

The Charms of *Wit* and *Beauty* seldom fail,
 O're the most stubborn Temper to prevail;

To which if *Youth* and *Vertue* are ally'd,
Youth without *Art*, and *Vertue* without *Pride*.
 What store of Captives to her Conquering Eyes,
 May she expect, who has these Qualities?
 But if she wants what Charms above them all,
 The mighty Blessings which we *Many* call;
 In dull obscurity she long may live,
 And Visits rarely as the Dead receive;
 Till Reverend Age her *Beauty* has decay'd,
 And she becomes an *Old* despis'd *Maid*:
 Unless seduc'd, and past all sense of shame,
 She prostitutes her *Vertue* and her *Fame*,
 And yields her self to every looser Flame. }
 I pity from my Soul th' unhappy *Maid*,
 By *Arts* of Men, and her own *Wants* betray'd,
 To act a *Crime* she never knew before,
 And has the choice to *Starve* or be a *Whore*:
 Oh *Poverty*! thou undermining Ill,
 Whose fatal Damp too oft does *Vertue* kill.
 How many thousands of our Sex there are,
 Whose Minds were *Vertuous*, as their Faces Fair,
 Devoted now to shameless Infamy,
 Occasion'd only by their *Poverty*:
 But leaving them as Blots upon our Race,
 To reap the Fruits of *Lewdness* and *Disgrace*;
 Let us observe another Scene of *Life*,
 And view the Blessings which attend a *Wife*.

If

If *Custom* we accuse as too severe,
 In *Impositions* when we *Virgins* are ;
 What *Yoaks* and *Fetters* does the *Female* choose,
 Who enters in the *Matrimonial* Noose?
 To be the Partner of anothers Flame,
 Gives up her Self, her Fortune, and her Name,
 Her Hours of soft Repose and Liberty,
 Nay, her own will then cease to be free ;
 For what *Commands* may not a *Husband* lay,
 When the *Wifes* part, is only to Obey?
 And we the blest Effects may see each hour,
 Of such unbounded *Arbitrary* Power.

If *Young*, and by her *Inclinations* led
 To taste the Pleasures of the *Marriage* Bed,
 And has as Partner in the *Nuptial* Joys,
 The *Youth* above all Mankind her Choice ;
 Pleasures about her in such Numbers throng,
 Pleasures which cannot be express'd by Tongue.
 Her Spouse and She, each Minutes time improve,
 And Day and Night is but one Scene of Love ;
 They kiss in Publick, fondly without measure,
 And think they ne're can have enough of Pleasure.
 With scorn they look on *unprovided* Pairs,
 And think no Happiness so great as theirs :

But ah ! the young and lovely *Bride* too soon
 Perceives the waning of the *Hony-Moon* :
 Her *Passion* by *Indearments* still improves,
 And till the more enjoy'd, the more she loves ;
 While the ingrateful Wretch she *Husband* calls,
 By little slights shews how his *Fancy* palls,
 By frequent use grown weary of her *Charms*,
 He comes with *dull Indifference* to her *Arms*.
 If here the *Humour* stops, some hopes are left,
 Provided he's not of all sense bereft ;)
 By Arts of kind *Indearments* to recover,
 Th' expiring *Passion* of the *Husband Lover*.
 Wild *Beasts* by roughness may endure the *Chain*,
 But milder means are us'd to soften *Man* :
 Kind melting *Kisses*, modest, yet desiring,
 May raise to Life a *Passion* just expiring ;
 And he's a *Monster* *Affrick* ne'er saw,
 Whose frozen *Mind* such kind *Heats* cannot thaw.

But if by strange insensible *Degrees*,
 The *Bride* in vain striving by Arts to please ;)
 The *Husband* should (by his own baseness led)
 From slight *Dislikes*, at last forsake her *Bed* :
 In *solitary Sheets* she pines and grieves,
 While like a *Rake-bell Libertine* he lives,
 Leaving his *Sponse* in solitude to mourn,
 Whilst he does for some *stubborn Strumpet* burn ;

Bu

With

With whom his vacant Hours are all employ'd,
 And dear-bought Pleasures by the *Brute* enjoy'd :
 But his wild *Rambles* did I Pleasures call?
 Pleasures which with them bear the *Scorpions Tail*;
 By such *Delights* they very often gain
 A moments Pleasure, but an Age of Pain;
 To' th' *Marriage Bed* th' *Infection* goes sometimes,
 And the *Wife* suffers for the *Husband's Crimes*.

But if one constant to the *Nuptial Vow*,
 Does not himself such *Liberties* allow,
 A far much greater *Evil* oft ensues,
 For there's no *Woman* if she were to *Chuse*,
 But likes a *Rambling*, for a *Jealous Spouse*.
 The ones wild *Frolicks* may in time be cur'd,
 But *Jealousie* can never be endur'd.
 Let *Priests* the Peoples Ears amuse with *Story*,
 But sure on Earth there is no *Purgatory*;
 Like living with a Man, whose *jealous Eyes*
 Must watch a *Wife* in all her *Privacies* :
 Better t'ad been on her *Wedding Day*,
 She had descended to *Sepulchral Clay*,
 Than with a *Jealous Coxcomb* all her life,
 Have worn that slavish Epithet, a *Wife*.

If she does Pains of *Purgatory* feel,
 Who's *Husbands Jealous* ----- She has sure a *Hell*;

Who must surrender all her Youth and Charms
 For sake of *Gold*, up to an *Old Man's Arms*,
 With Tales of Death none need affright her mind,
 Since Day and Night she does its Image find.

For *Husbands Faults* poor *Wives* still bear the blame,
 Does he Debauch in *Punck*, or *Wine*, or *Game* ?
 And so is brought to Want and Poverty,
 The base censorious World does quickly Cry :
We thought indred this Match would ne're prove good,
Since his proud Wife wore such a High Commode,
 Forgetting his Night-rambles up and down,
 To all the Topping Taverns of the Town,
 Wherein one Week he spends more Mony Clear,
 Then would provide *Head-dresses* all the Year.
 But I as well may indiscreetly try,
 To count the Stars which twinkle in the Skie,
 As go about with leasure to relate,
 The Mischiefs which attend the *Female Married State*.

How oft have *Widows*, who have broke the Chain,
 Been tempted to the *Fatal Noose* again ?
 By ugly Tongues of false Dissembling Men,
 And tho' once cheated, venture once again :
Widows are Baits for Younger Brothers laid,
 To patch a Ruin'd Fortune, or a Trade ;
 Experience in the Sreets proclaims it loud,
 That from the great and Num'rous *Female Croud*,
 D Widows

Widows like *Deer*, are singled from the *Herd*,
 To be undone, which *Suiters* call prefer'd:
 They tell' em that they hate the *Skittish Maid*,
 Theyr for a *Womans* Judgment pois'd and weigh'd,
 Till they have lur'd' em to the fatal *Curse*,
 And they are theirs for *better and for worse*.
 (But ev'ry *Day's* Relation makes it common,
 To love the *Mony*, when they hate the *Woman*.)
 Some *Tawdry Youthful Punck* is then maintain'd,
 With good old *Gold* in former *Days* she gain'd.
 Or if she *Dies*, which very oft does follow,
 A *Heifer* purchas'd with the *Old Cows Tallow*.

These *Syllia*, these are *Dismal Truths* to tell,
 But ah! these *Truths* are known but too too well;
 Oh! could I change my *Sex*, but tis in vain,
 To wish my self, or think to be a *Man*,
 Like that *wild Creature*, I would madly *Rove*,
 Through all the *Fields of Galantry and Love*;
 Heighten the *Pleasures* of the *Day and Night*,
 Dissolve in *Joys and Surfeit* with *Delight*,
 Not tameley like a *Woman*, wish and pray,
 And sigh my pretious *Minutes* all away.
Woman a *Creature* one may justly call,
 Natures and Mans, and Fortunes *Tennis-Ball*,
Woman ----- What *Noise* is that? --- Oh *Heavens!* a *Man*!
 Assist my *Blushes*.

At which away she ran,
 swift as the Wind; nor could I too this hour,
 find out who was this *Female Confessor* ;
 'Twas time to go, the *Charming Prater* gone,
 But thought, as I was homeward jogging on,
 In all my Converse with the *Female Kind*,
 ne'er till this time did *Woman* find,
 freely without reserve to speak her mind.

}

OUTWITTED THE ENEMY
AND TO THE CONQUEST OF THE
WORLD. THE ENEMY WAS
DEFEATED AND THE
WORLD WAS
CONQUERED.

THE

D

B
A
De
M
M
W
Bu
Bu
Sho

(21)

T H E

EMULATION.

A

Pindarique Ode.

I.

A H ! tell me why (mistaken Sex) do we
So little real Beauty see
In the admired adored *astounding Beauty.*

the Goddess of Wisdom.

Why do we fain'd *Minerva* slight,
Despising Knowledge, which we ought to prize ?
Must none but the insulting Sex be wise ?
Must they be bless'd with Intellectual Light,
Whilst we remain in Ignorances Night ?

Wee've Noble Souls as well as they,
And wee've retentive Mem'ries too.
But I suppose, they think wee'll best obey,
If nothing else we know.

But what concerns a Kitchen or a Field,

And those low things they yield :

As if a rational unbounded Mind

Should be to such low worthless sordid things confin'd.

II.

II.

They'l let us learn to Work, to Dance, to Sing,
 Or any other Trivial thing;
 But they're unwilling we should know
 What sacred Science can impart
 Nor would they have us dive into the Abyſs of Art,
 Nor in the Labyrinths of Learning go,
 Nor have us know the Languages of Schools,
 As if they thought to keep us Fools.
 That we their boasted Skill the more might prize,
 And think them highly wiſe,
 Becauſe we have not Wit their Follies to deſpiſe;
 For Ignorance doth Wonder breed,
 And thoſe who little know;
 May be perſuaded all is Wit indeed
 That's ſpoke by Men, altho' it be not ſo.
 They think their lofty Strains we will admire,
 And judge that Mercury did them inſpire.
 But, ſhould we underſtand as much as they,
 They fear their Empire would decay;
 For they know Women heretofore
 Gain'd Victories, and envied Lawrels wore.
 And now they fear we'll once
 Ambitious be, and ſo
 And ſo invade the Territories of the Brain.
 And as we did in thoſe Renowned Days,
 Rob them of Lawrels, ſo we may now take their Bays

III.

But we are peaceful, and will not repine;
They still may keep their Bays, as well as Vine.

We've now no *Amazonian* Hearts,
Therefore they need not guard their Magazine of Arts.

We will not on their Treasure seize;
A part of it sufficiently will please.

We'll only so much Knowledge have,
As may assist us to Enslave

Those Passions, which we find
Too potent for the Mind;

'Tis o'er them only, we desire to Reign,
And we no Plebs but Conquerors will to gain.

IV.

We only so much Wit desire

As may instruct us how to live above

Those Childish things which most admire,
And may direct us what is fit to love:

We would have Learning for no other end,
But that our Time we may the better spend;

Supposing 'tis below us to converse

Always about our Business or our Dress,
As if to serve our Senses were our Happiness.

We'll read the Histories of former Times,
And look with Horror on their Crimes.

But

But all their Vertues wee'l with Pleasure view,
 And both admire and imitate them too:
 Wee'l also study Sciences and Arts,
 All that's Ingenuous we will learn;
 For to be wise sure is our chief concern,
 And therefore we with care should cultivate our Hearn

V.

But if the Envious Men will still declare,
 That 'tis enough for Women to be fair:
 Without their leave, we will be wise,
 And Beauty, which they value, wee'l despise.
 Our Minds, and not our Faces, wee'l adorn;
 That's the Employment for which we were born.
 The Muses kindly will their Aids allow,
 And to us all their Mysteries shew.
 And therefore their Assistance wee'l implore,
 Whilst Men inspiring *Bacchus* do adore;
 Without whose Elevating Wine
 Wee'l try if we can witty be,
 And with the help of the auspicious Nine,
 That VWomen are not Fools we'll plainly let them

FINIS

Hean

orn.

re,

em

bia